Cannibals and a Kitten

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Cannibals and a Kitten

by MintyEcco

Summary

After finding a surprise outside their window Christmas morning, Will and Hannibal begin their Christmas day with a start. Between kisses and kittens though, they can't find anything to complain about.

Notes

Making a surprise reappearance for the holiday season this year, just like last year, but this time with a promise that I will be returning more frequently in the future.

See the end of the work for more notes

Will kept staring forward, beyond the glittering glare of the Christmas tree, at the animal that was currently being held aloft in Hannibal's hands.

"I thought you said I couldn't' get another dog." He cooly states, raising an eye brow as Hannibal bring the small creature closer to himself rather than continuing to leave it being held out towards him.

"We do have too many dogs, Will."

"So then why do you have a cat in your hand?"

"A cat is no dog."

"You're right, but my point still stands."

This was a common argument they'd gotten into since becoming accomplices together.

A strange string of affairs, to be sure, but one that seemed to be working well enough for them. The circumstance that unveiled it all was bathed in a sort of grim blood that only Hannibal seemed able to unlock, but Will decided not to run away in that moment. No gun was drawn, Jack wasn't called, and no knife ran across Will's flesh. Rather a tense discussion had to begin.

There was a lot of talking that night. A lot more yelling as well. Threats were passed between both, Will feeling more threaten at various points, but in the end it was decided an arraignment would be made. Something that ended up allowing Will and Hannibal to grow close to one another, by now having moved into Hannibal's place together, but not impeding either one's personal activities.

Will would keep working with the FBI and wouldn't tattle about Hannibal, if Hannibal would slow down on his crime spree.

It was a difficult agreement to keep up, but they both made it work. Arguably Will had the hardest part, making it believable as he dragged Jack off of Hannibal's scent, but Hannibal would have you believe that he had the hard part here. Holding back his hunger and his art form just for the sake of another, or something like that. Though it was just prodding to get under Will's skin at the worst of times, it did lead to some lines being drawn in the sand.

For instance, how many dogs they could house at a time.

Something seemingly trivial compared to fending off Jack's suspicious or navigating how to curve Hannibal's appetite, but it was something that Will took just as seriously as the rest of it.

Dogs helped him through so many things already, and ending more only did more for him. So it became a topic of discussion very quickly after he'd moved his things in with Hannibal's

There had been a brief period where he thought he'd keep his house just for the dogs, but that was too stressful to even begin thinking about. He still was holding onto his house, just in case things went south, but where he went the dogs had too as well. They brought him more comfort than he could describe, and Hannibal understood that much to also let them into his life.

Fostering had become common for them at this point as well, a good way to supplement for how many dogs Will actually wanted, but he would still have to let them go after enough time passed. And while he did still have his original group of dogs, Hannibal could pry them from his cold dead hands, there were always additions that could be made. Especially with such a big house suddenly at his disposal.

If not for all the eclectic odds and ends that filled this lavish estate then maybe Hannibal would be more willing to oblige his request, but he didn't. So they ended up back at the argument time and time again.

Will would bring up getting another dog, whether as a joke or genuinely, and Hannibal would have to walk him through all the reasons that was a bad idea. Of which Will knew by heart by now, but that didn't stop the monologue from happening every single time.

However, now there was a new aspect for him to harp on.

A cat.

A small kitten now being held in the palm of Hannibal's hand as he looked on at it warmly.

A family pet, if you will.

Will's dogs were all mingling around them now, sniffing near the small form with curiosity, while Will's eyes stayed fixed on Hannibal.

He couldn't muster up any anger per say, but he couldn't help but feel a little gipped in this situation. He'd requested a dog so many times that he could get Hannibal's "no" tattooed somewhere, yet here was a kitten amongst them. Worming her way into both of their hearts on Christmas morning, and neither of them could stop her.

Will was still going to bitch though.

If nothing else that was the one thing he would be gleaning from this situation. Well, except a cat.

They'd found her just that morning actually. Mewling her little heart out among the early morning snow, she was shivering yet didn't seem too dirty with her pristine white coat. Her eyes were pools of the brightest blue, and when she noticed them she looked up towards them with nothing but trust behind them.

She was the epitome of what some may call an angel.

And, surprisingly, Hannibal fell in love at first sight.

So their true Christmas present fell into their lap, whether she was expected or not, and now they had to begin making plans for her stay. Taking care of dogs was one thing, but handling a cat was another entirely. Different food, toys, and spaces were going to need to be employed to make way for her. And perhaps Hannibal would finally have to put away some of his trinkets.

Hannibal brushes aside Will's poking and instead pushes ahead with what this morning had now set out for him. "Hold her for me, will you? I have to go get some food together for her."

Awkwardly taking the kitten from his partner, he yells after him "Don't feed her human!" while she claws into his shoulder. He'd sustained worse damage while handling dogs before, but he wasn't quite sure whether he should be petting her right now or not.

He'd had his fair share of cats before, sure, but she was just so small. He was a scared of hurting her, or even a little nervous that his dogs might accidently do that for him. They were sweet enough, but they were also just so big compared to her. He could imagine a scenario where one of them tried to play with her and they hit her too hard or she ran into something too quickly or–

There were many options here that he wasn't a fan of.

"I know this is probably really scary for you right now, but we're just trying to help you right now." He nervously tries to assure her, "You're going to have a lot of brothers and sisters too. They'll love you just as much as well do. Even if they are intimidating to be around, they don't mean to scare you."

Carefully, tentatively, he continues to pet the mewling little puff ball. Letting her make her way up his shoulder and then make her way across his back. Little claws tearing up his dark red sweater, though he didn't muster up any frustration at it. Instead he could himself chuckling at how loudly she was yelling out into the echoing mansion.

"Do you miss Hannibal that much?" He questions, eyes darting between her and the direction of the kitchen. Where sounds of metal hitting each other as a meal quickly comes together emanates out of it. "He'll be coming back soon, don't worry."

"Sooner than you'd expect, mon amour." Hannibal rings out. Striding over to the two of them, kitten meowing even louder at the smell of food, he sits down on the floor with Will. Placing the dish between them he carefully pries her from Will's sweater and places her in front of the fresh tuna he'd grabbed for her. Promptly smashing her face into the food, they both laugh at how silly she looked.

"I can't tell if she missed you, or just wanted the food that you'd gone to get." Will says between lightly chuckling.

"I'd like to think it's both, but her reacting is saying more than my beliefs do."

After their laughter dies down they both let silence fill the room. Dogs whine at the edges of the coach, a kitten destroying tuna, and the soft howling of wind outside while snow flutters all around.

A fairly enjoyable Christmas all things considered, and a little too perfect for the two men that were currently sitting in the living room.

"Wait until she's older to start feeding her your taste in food, please." Will sighs out, his words caring a sort of tired yet understanding nature to them. He'd fought to keep his dogs from eating human meet, though he doubted when he was away Hannibal listened to him fully. But if this cat was going to stay then it was better to set a standard now then let it become a longer conversation later.

"So you're going to let her stay then?

Will turns his head towards Hannibal surprised. The fact that he would even dare to ask such a question caught him off guard, though all his bantering almost made it make sense. Still, Hannibal knew he loved all animals. He just happened to have a preference that he wasn't going to hesitate bringing up at a chance like this. “She’s fine,” Will eventually says, “I’m just making fun is all. I’m fine with cats.”

Hannibal lets out another small chuckle, “I had a feeling she’d worm her way through your cold exterior, mon amour.”

Wrapping an arm around Will’s shoulder he pulls his partner even closer to him. “We still won’t be getting another dog though.”

“If we get another cat though, then could we?”

Grinning from ear to ear as Hannibal shakes his head in disappointment once more. “We’ll talk about it another day, mon amour. All this talk of dogs and cats are starting to get on my nerves. Shouldn’t we just enjoy the one that has fallen into our lap here?”

“You just never kn–”

Quickly pulling Will even closer, Hannibal closes the distance between them by kissing him on the lips. Shutting the man up in proper fashion, but also giving a bit more of a romantic touch to this entire Christmas affair.

Will’s eyes wander down to his companion’s open hand, in which his open palm held a piece of mistletoe. Pulling away, and picking up the herb, he looks between it and Hannibal. Snarkily remarking, “I don’t think you did it right.”

“No?” Hannibal cheekily responds, a grin peaking out at the edge of his lips. Eagerly waiting for the inevitable to happen.

“You’re supposed to put it up here,” Will holds the ornate little object above them, “and then you’re going to have to wait for the person to notice.”

Hannibal’s eyes follow Will’s instructions, and plays out being surprised by putting his hand over his mouth.

“Once that is complete you wait a moment, and then you do this.”

Completing his own instructions, Will holds his free hand out and caresse Hannibal's cheek. Pulling the man closer to him, before delicately placing his lips on Hannibal's. Moving from a sweet gentle kiss to something more involved with time, the mistletoe eventually falls to the side.

The enjoyment of the day didn't ever subside for them. Between learning to care for their new kitten, or just appreciating each other's company, they remembered to cherish the day well.

With all the threats that were constantly trying to catch up with them, there was never a good guarantee of another day after this. But if today was going to be their last memory to hold dear, neither of them were going to be too disappointed by it.

End Notes

This fic is inspired by art by Beatricenius on Tumblr (https://www.tumblr.com/beatricenius/705279606383607808?source=share). I've had it saved as an idea since January of this year, but I'm finally glad to have it out there.

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!